



GHOST

APOCALYPSE



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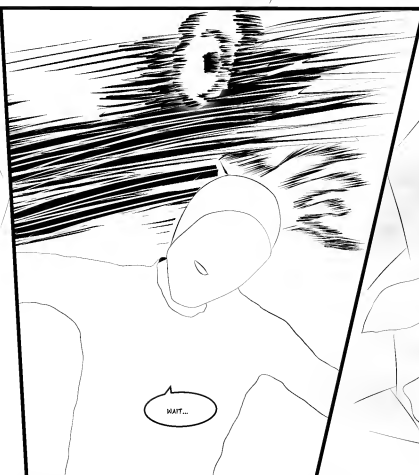
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ARTIST: STELIOS PLATSIKAS



AM I DEAD? I FEEL DEAD.  
ACTUALLY I DO NOT FEEL ANYTHINGS...  
SO I MUST BE DEAD.



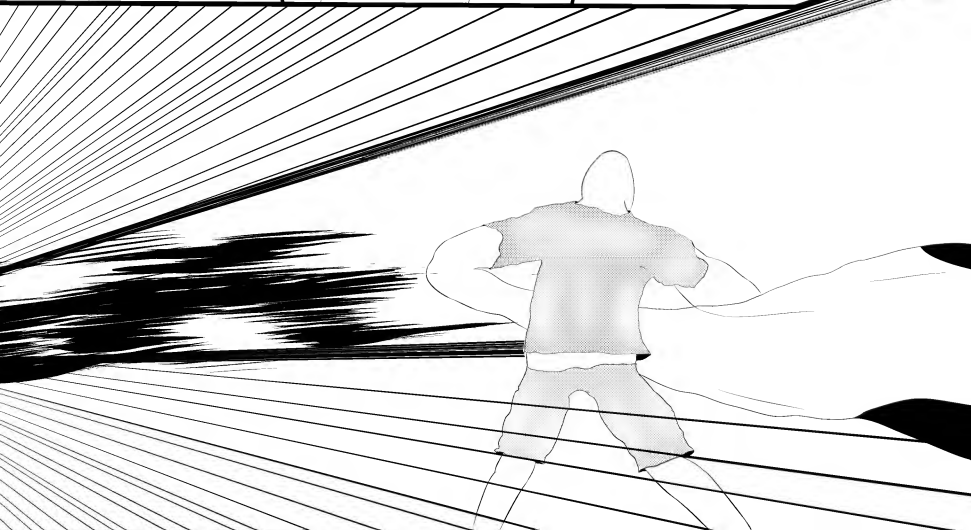
STOP...



WAIT...



HOLD ON ONE SECOND





STOP!

Α

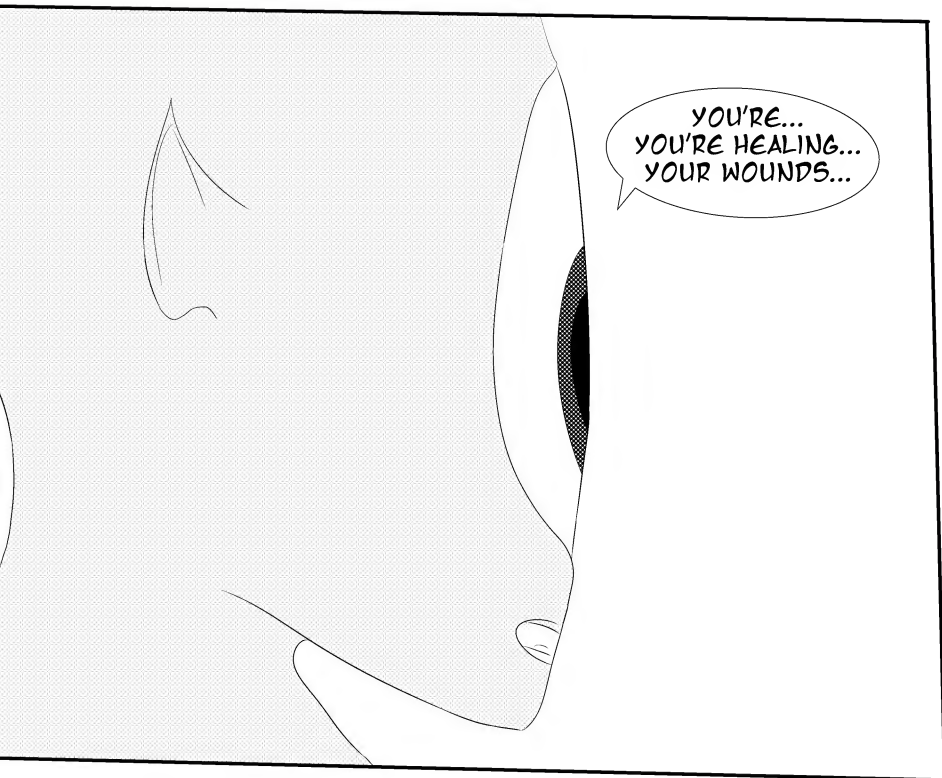
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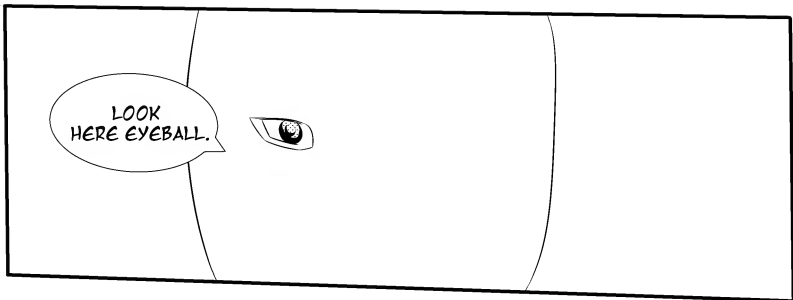
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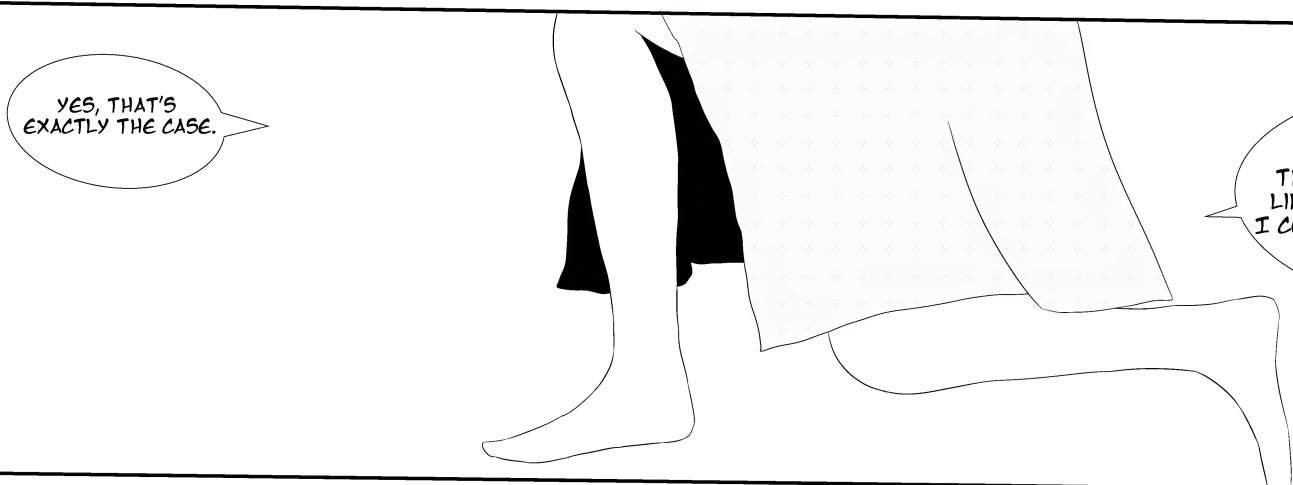
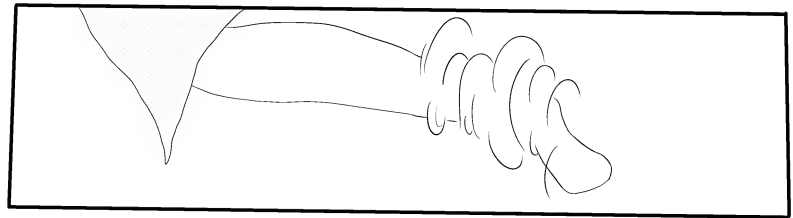
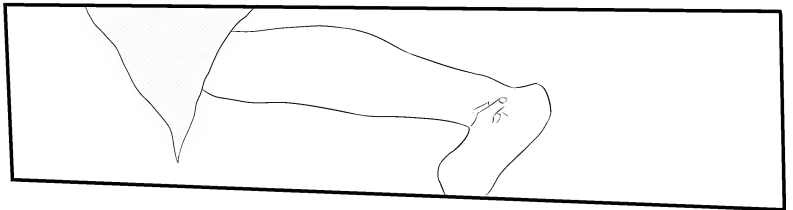




YOU'RE...  
YOU'RE HEALING...  
YOUR WOUNDS...



LOOK  
HERE EYEBALL.

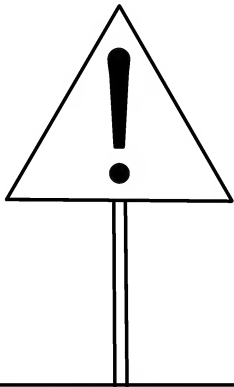


YES, THAT'S  
EXACTLY THE CASE.

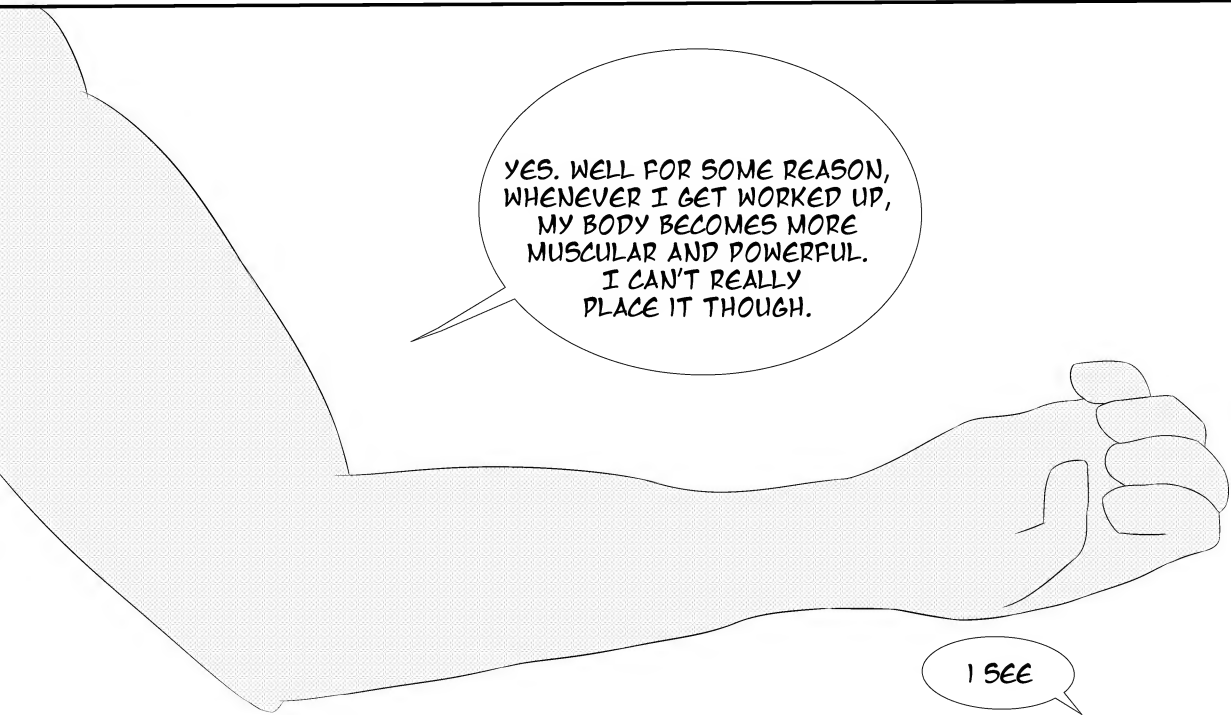
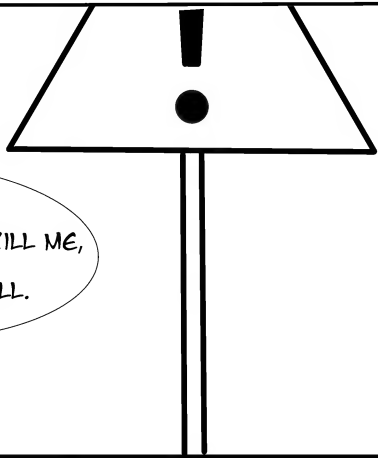
WITH YOUR FIRST BLOW...  
I THOUGHT I WAS GONE.  
THERE WAS A NUMBNESS INSIDE ME.  
LIKE EVERYTHING WAS VOIDED AWAY.  
I COULD NOT MOVE; I COULD NOT FEEL.

BUT THEN OUT OF NOWHERE  
MY BODY STARTED TWITCHING,  
AND I COULD MOVE ONCE MORE.

AND THEN A THOUGHT CAME THROUGH MY MIND.  
A WILD, UNCONTROLLABLE THOUGHT,  
BUT IT WAS THERE NONETHELESS.



IF THAT BLOW;  
YOUR BLOW COULDN'T KILL ME,  
THEN I CAN'T  
THINK OF WHAT WILL.

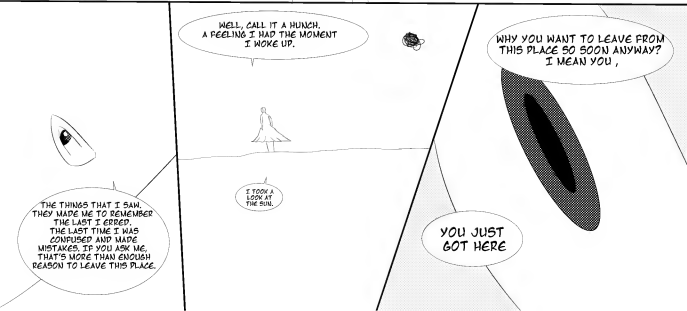
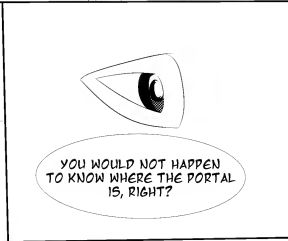
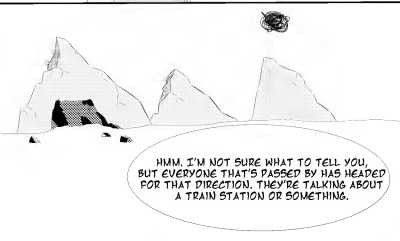
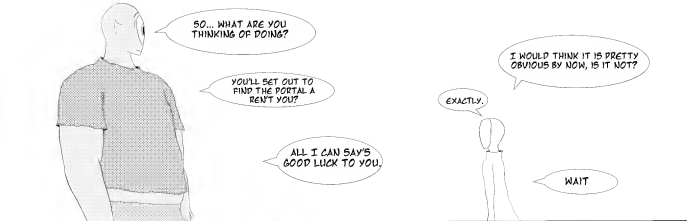


YES. WELL FOR SOME REASON,  
WHENEVER I GET WORKED UP,  
MY BODY BECOMES MORE  
MUSCULAR AND POWERFUL.  
I CAN'T REALLY  
PLACE IT THOUGH.

I SEE



AND WHAT  
HAPPENED TO YOU?  
A FEW SECONDS AGO,  
YOU WERE ALL  
BUFF AND BURLY.





AH, THE SUN?

YOU MEAN TO TELL ME  
YOU DON'T SEE IT?

SEE WHAT?  
I MEAN IT'S  
THE SUN.

WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH THE SUN?

FORGET IT.  
YOU ARE NOT GOING  
TO UNDERSTAND  
ANYWAY.

YOU SURE ARE A  
WEIRD ONE, AREN'T YOU?

ALRIGHT. SURE.  
WHAT DO YOU  
HAVE IN MIND?

WELL, I TOLD YOU  
ABOUT THE  
TRAIN STATION.


THAT YOU DID.

WELL, IT'S A REALLY LONG  
WALK BEFORE YOU  
GET THERE. IT'S UHM...

HOLD ON. MAYBE  
I CAN OFFER  
YOU MY HELP  
ONE LAST TIME.





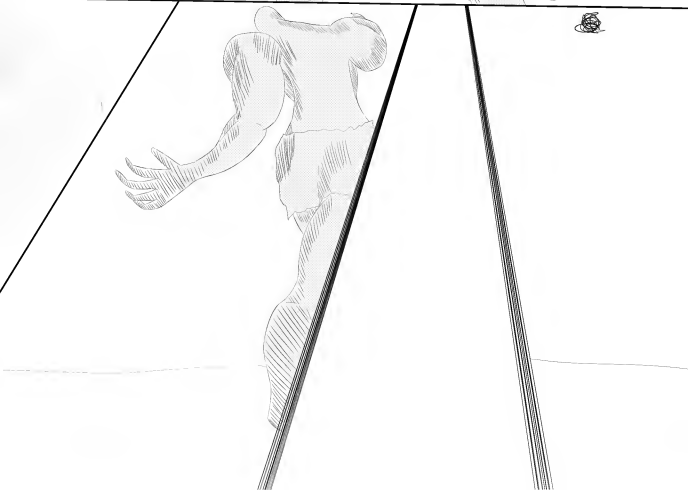
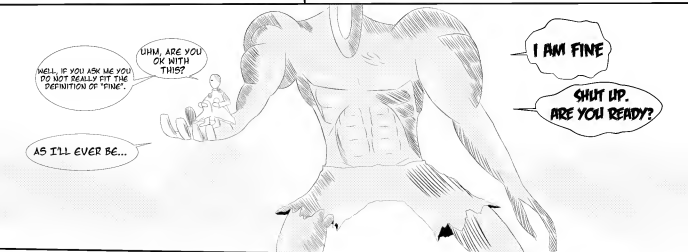


FIVE SUN CIRCLES AROUND ITSELF.  
LIKE I TOLD YOU BEFORE,  
HERE IN THE PARAKOSMOS,  
THERE IS NO "DAY CIRCLE".  
THE ONLY WAY FOR ME  
TO KNOW THAT THINGS GO  
ON, IS TO SEE HOW MANY TIMES  
THE SUN SPINS AROUND ITSELF.



I WILL THROW YOU!

EH..?



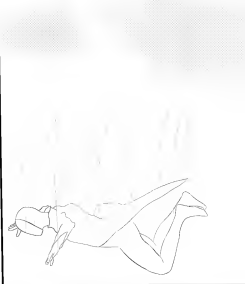
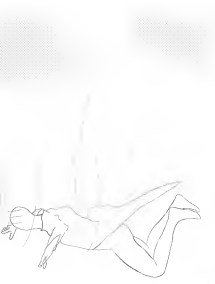


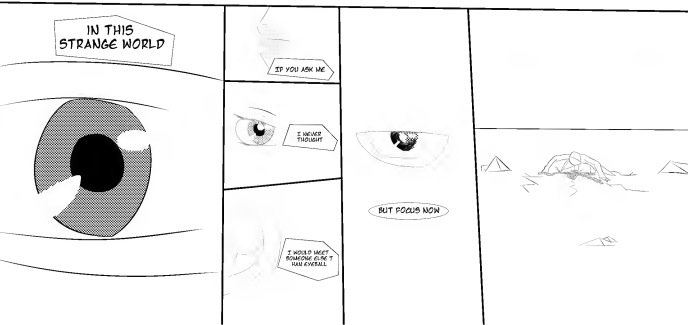
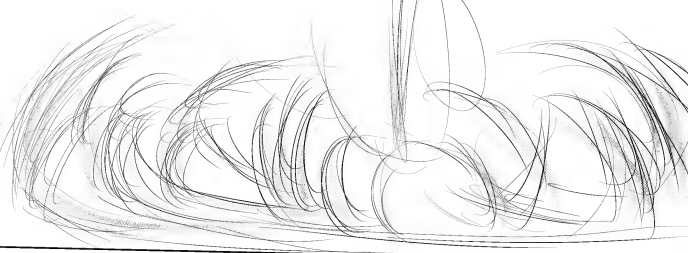
I BET THIS IS WHAT GLIDING IS LIKE.  
RIGHT HERE IN THE CLEAR SKY.  
THIS WHOLE BIZARRE CONSTRUCT OF A WORLD  
SEEMS SO PETTY.  
I ONLY WISH I COULD FEEL  
SOMETHING... ANYTHING RIGHT NOW.

THE TRAIN STATION.  
THERE IT IS.

BUT I AM  
PRETTY SURE  
THIS PART OF  
THE PLAN  
WILL "HURT"

THE EYEBALL'S  
IDEA OF THROWING  
WAS PRETTY BRIGHT  
I WILL GIVE HIM THAT.









*NEXT ONE AT:*

*03 FEB*

IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE COOL STORIES  
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[HTTP://KYRATZAKI14.DEVIANTART.COM](http://kyratzaki14.deviantart.com)